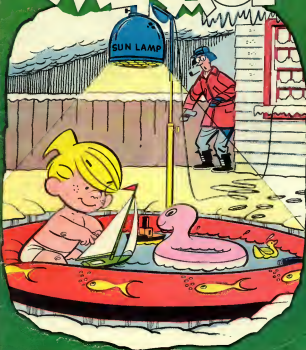


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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Dennis The MENACE

No. 34

10c



Dennis THE MENACE



"WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT MADE IT SO HARD TO SORT."



"I TOLD 'EM WHY I DON'T CLEANSE WITH ONE DOLLAR FOR THE GARD."



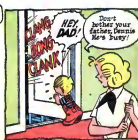
"TWELVE TIMES! I'VE KEPT TRACK."

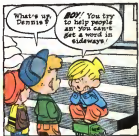


"SIS? DON'T THAT LOOK LIKE PURE WHITE GARD?"

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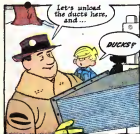


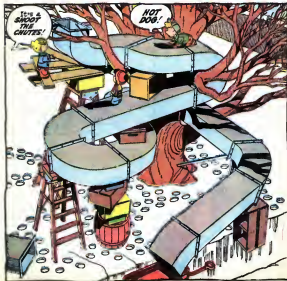




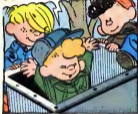


SOON...





AWAAAAAY WE GO!



WHEEEE!

YIPPEEE!

YOWEEEE!



ALL OUT!

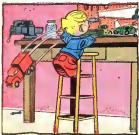
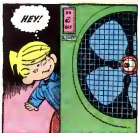
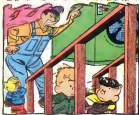


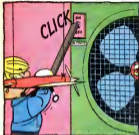
HEY!

WE'RE STILL GOIN'...



GET OUTTA HERE!











JOEY





Here's how, Joey. You roll a snowball until it gets **REAL BIG**, see?

Uh-huh.



I have to pick up some things at the store. You make a **REAL BIG** snowman while I'm gone, okay?

Okay!



Flaw! Still not real big!



**RRRR!
CLANK
CLANK!
RRRRM!**

EASY DOES IT!

HOLD IT, SAM!



Help me build big snowman?

Beat it, kid—we've got work to do



Wanna surprise my Daddy when he comes home? Wanna **GREAT BIG** snowman?

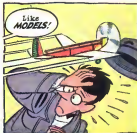
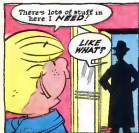
Let's do it, Sam! It'll be a good **SAG!**

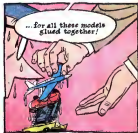
Yeah! We sure got the equipment for it!



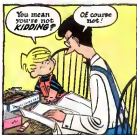


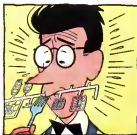
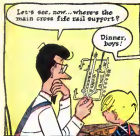
the MODEL CHILD



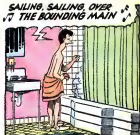


... AND AT HOME ...











Design for FREEDOM

"HELLO, MR. IBERRA!" Lucy waved happily at the stocky man approaching along the sidewalk. Then her smile froze as the man passed her, stony-faced, without a glance—just as if he hadn't known her all of her eleven years!

Clutching the loaf of bread her father had sent her to buy, Lucy trudged along, trying not to cry. So now they were afraid of her, too, as well as of her father!

Her father, Professor Luanda, was the kindest, wisest person she had ever known. All he wanted to do was teach at the University, and write books. But now he was not allowed to teach, and no one would publish what he wrote, not even the newspapers.

It all started just a few months ago, when The Others came into the country. "The Others" were people from the big country across the border. In Lucy's peaceful country, everyone was afraid of them. And because Lucy's father had talked against them at the University, The Others wouldn't let him teach any more, and all his friends were afraid to be seen talking to him. Now they were afraid to talk to Lucy, too.

Thinking about these things, Lucy didn't notice a big black sedan come up behind her. Before she knew it, strong arms grabbed her and she was on the seat beside one of The Others, an officer in their New Police.

"Let me out!" Lucy cried. "I have to take this bread to Papa!"

The officer smiled grimly. "He shall have food—food for thought!"

"You'd better let me go!" Lucy told him. "My Papa's not afraid of you! He'll come and get me!"

"If he knows where you are," the officer said meaningly.

Lucy sat back in the corner, her eyes wide. Why did they want her, just a little girl? And what were they going to do with her?

The car roared through the town and out into the country, and after a few miles pulled up before a pillared building. As she got out of the car with the officer, Lucy didn't feel quite so afraid, because she knew this building. Everyone in her country did.

This had been the History Museum of her country. In front of it had been a huge oak, centuries old. When the tree was small, the founder of the country had written his consti-

tution in the shade of this tree, and later his statue had been erected under it.

But now the tree was gone. The Others had chopped it down and burned it—they even dynamited the stump so that no trace of the country's liberty would remain. They broke up the statue and threw the pieces in the river. And the Museum was now the Headquarters of The Others.

In the corridors, busy clerks hurried in and



out doors. There was the clatter of typewriters everywhere, and as they passed one door, Lucy saw a lot of radio equipment inside, and a man talking violently into a microphone.

Upstairs, the officer led her into a room, and Lucy stopped in surprise. It had a small bed, furniture just her size, and lots of dolls. There were even copies of her favorite books on the table. It was the nicest room she had ever seen. And then she saw the bars on the window.

The officer sat on the bed. "My name is Colonel Marco. And this is your room as long as you stay here."

"I don't want to stay here at all!" Lucy protested.

"You don't need to," Marco said smoothly. "All your father has to do is write a little

article about us, telling your people about the New Freedom we have brought them, and you can go. Simple, isn't it?"

But Lucy knew it wasn't simple at all. The Others hadn't brought freedom, only fear. They had stopped her father from teaching and writing. He would never say that The Others were good for the country. "Never!" she thought. "Then I must stay here all the time!"

The Colonel smiled thickly. "Sit at the table," he ordered. "Write your father what I have just told you. And no tricks!"

Trembling, Lucy obeyed. What could a little girl do against Marko, against all The Others? Marko looked over her childish scowl and nodded. "This should do it—if he cares for you at all." Then he left, and Lucy heard the door lock behind him.

That evening, another of the New Police brought her supper, silently watched as she ate what she could, and left.

Three days passed, and Lucy had no word from Colonel Marko. She spent the time half-heartedly playing with the dolls, and looking out the barred window. Below was the very spot where the Liberty Tree had stood, the symbol of freedom that her country had lost—that she had lost. Other times, she read books.

She was reading "A Tale of Two Cities" when something leaped out of a page, at her. It was an idea to let her father know where she was! And maybe, somehow, he could come and get her! She banged on the door, and when the grim-faced guard opened it, she told him: "Get Colonel Marko! I've got to see him! It's about my Papa!" The guard slammed the door and marched away.

In a few minutes, Colonel Marko entered, frowning. "Something about your father, eh? It had better be something to bring him to his senses!"

"I was thinking, Colonel—maybe Papa doesn't believe that note came from me! At school we are all taught to write the same way! But I know how to prove that something came from me! I can knit him some socks!"

As the Colonel stared in disbelief, she rushed on: "I make up my own designs for his socks—nobody makes them like I do. I can knit him a pair he'll know came from me!"

"Hm!" Marko considered. "It's a thought. Very well, you shall have wool and knitting needles. But if this is a trick . . ."

The threat hung over Lucy as hurriedly, anxiously, she knitted all the rest of the day. If her plan went wrong, what would become of her father, and of her? But it was her only chance.

When Marko examined the finished socks, she held her breath for fear that he would see through her idea. "This design is because he writes," she told him. "And this one is because he likes it out in the country." The Colonel nodded. "Very well," he said shortly, and left with the socks.

The next day, Lucy watched the courtyard below, hoping for some hint that her father was coming to rescue her. He was the smartest man in the whole country, and even he could . . .

Then her heart almost stopped. A fresh platoon of New Police marched up and the officer

in charge spoke to a guard, then the troops entered the building. Her father must be coming, and they were going to trap him! But why? The Others couldn't make him say or write anything for them, or why had they gone to the trouble of holding her?

She whirled as the door opened behind her, and one of the New Police came in. The man in uniform was her old neighbor who, just before her capture, had refused to talk to her!

"Mr. Ibarra! Are you one of them?"

"Shhh!" he warned. Then he smiled. "Just temporarily. Just until we can take over this Headquarters, and your father can broadcast to the people what The Others are really like—kissuppers of little children!"

Another officer entered, and Lucy ran into his arms. "Papa! You got my message!"

"Yes, you brave girl," he smiled. "Lucy, I am going to tell our people what you have done. Yours is the story that will arouse them to fight for our liberty!" He turned to Ibarra. "We have everyone in the building under lock and key—the surprise was complete! Come—to the radio room!"

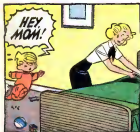
As Lucy, holding her father's hand, went along, she looked down and saw he was wearing the socks she had knitted—and the message in their design. Just as Madame Defarge in "A Tale of Two Cities" had knitted the names of her country's enemies into a secret design, Lucy had knitted clues to where she was. One design was an old-fashioned pen, such as the founder of their country had used in writing its constitution. The other was a tree—the Liberty Tree that had stood outside this building.

They were in the radio room, and Lucy's father was speaking into the microphones, beginning the speech that was to set her country free!—

"My friends, this is Professor Lusko. We have taken The Others' Headquarters. Let me tell you what these people are really like, and when you have heard it, you will rise up against them. It is the story of a pair of knitting needles, and a little girl who knitted a design for freedom!"

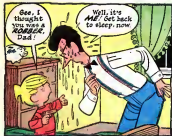
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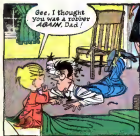


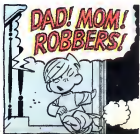
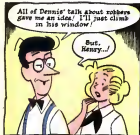


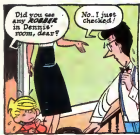












Dennis THE MENACE



"NON! NEED YOU COME IN HERE
AN' READ SOMETHIN' FOR ME?"



"DON'T PUT THAT SOAP IN HERE!
YA WANNA MAKE MY TURTLE SICK?"



"YOU MEAN I COULDN'T HAVE ANY CANDY
THIS AFTERNOON ON ACCOUNT OF *THIS*?"



"I GOT WHAT I WANT, BUT RUFFY'S STILL TRYIN' TO
MAKE UP HIS MIND."

